Ref: 1. How Beautiful Upon the Mountains pp. 686 Wm. W. Wilson Poet.

DR. R. R. GREEN AS 375 E. 2ND STAN HEBER CITY, UTAM 84032 of Poetry and Song." In the Descret News for March 18, 1863, we find Miss Carmichael's poem "Homespun and Velvet," and I quote it in full, for it is one of her simplest and sweetest productions:

"Lady Alice, robed in velvet,
Scarcely deigned to fling a glance
On the dress of home-wove cotton
Flitting through the rustic dance;
Yet the diamond on her bosom,
Did not give a hundredth part
Of the tintless light that started
From the depth of Marian's heart.

Lady Alice, orange blossoms
Rested on her raven curls;
And upon her pale brown forehead
Slept a mist of lace and pearls;
Yet the sweet blush tinted rose leaves,
That the morning pushed apart,
Knew they had a sunnier pillow
Near the smile of Marian's heart.

Lady Alice, sable velvet,
Nodding plumes and solemn tread,
Was the stately grief that bore her
To the slumber of the dead.
But the few pale earnest mourners,
Wore their sable in the breast,
That were gathered round the pillow,
Smoothed for Marian's dreamless rest.

Lady Alice, gleaming marble,
Stood beside her tomb and told
That the dust was all patrician
Clasped within its parian fold;
There's a low grave in the valley,
A sweet brow beneath the sod;
But the hearts it blessed speak only
Of an angel gone to God."